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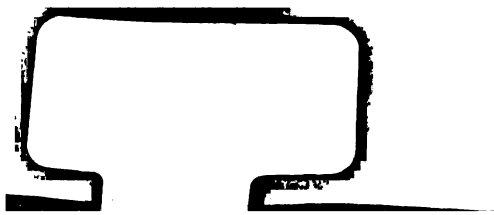
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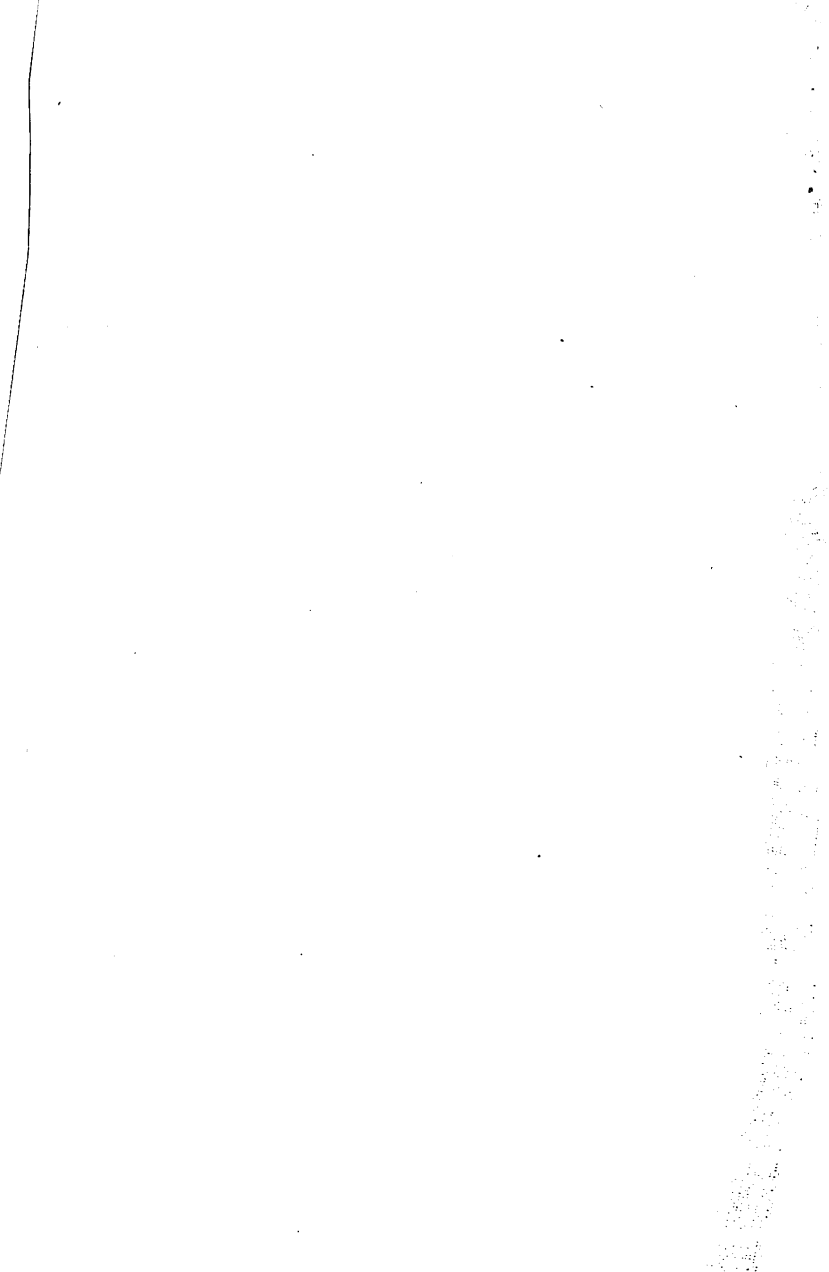
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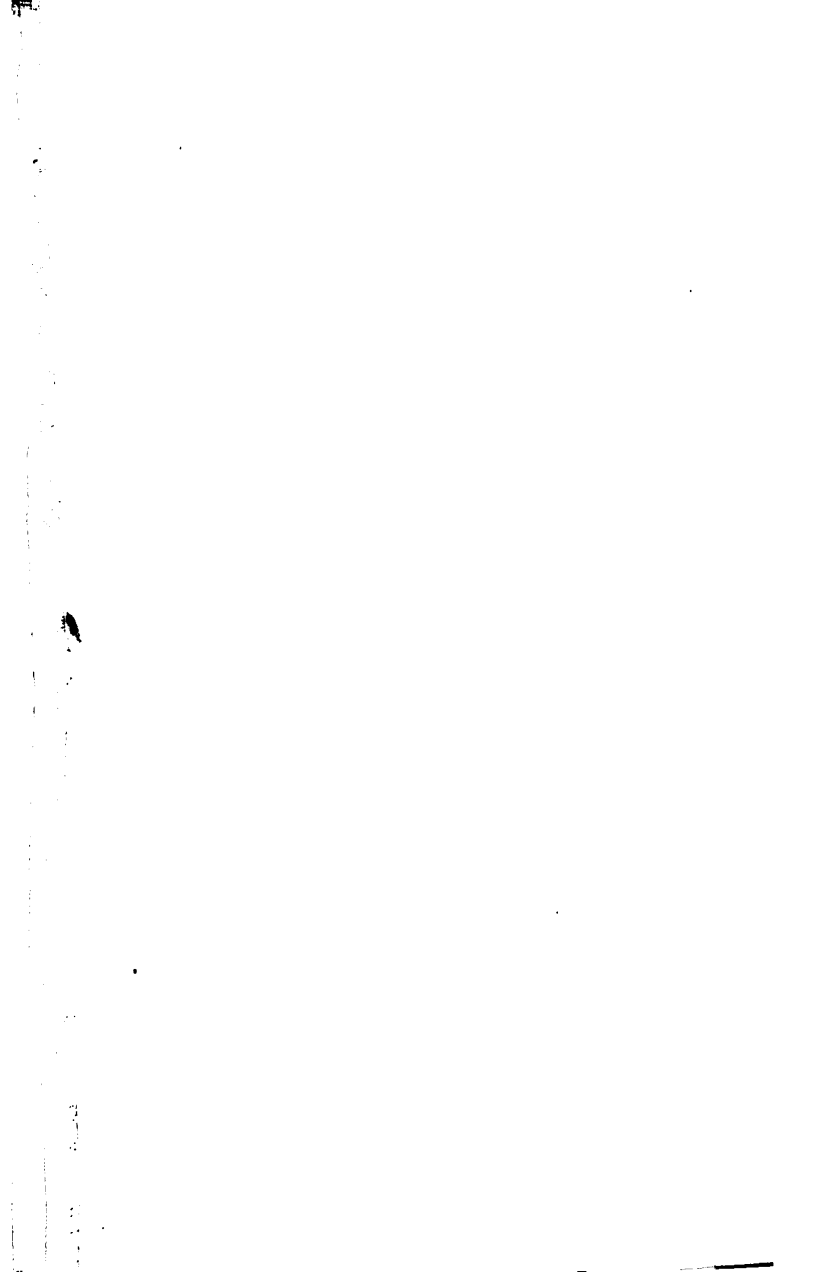


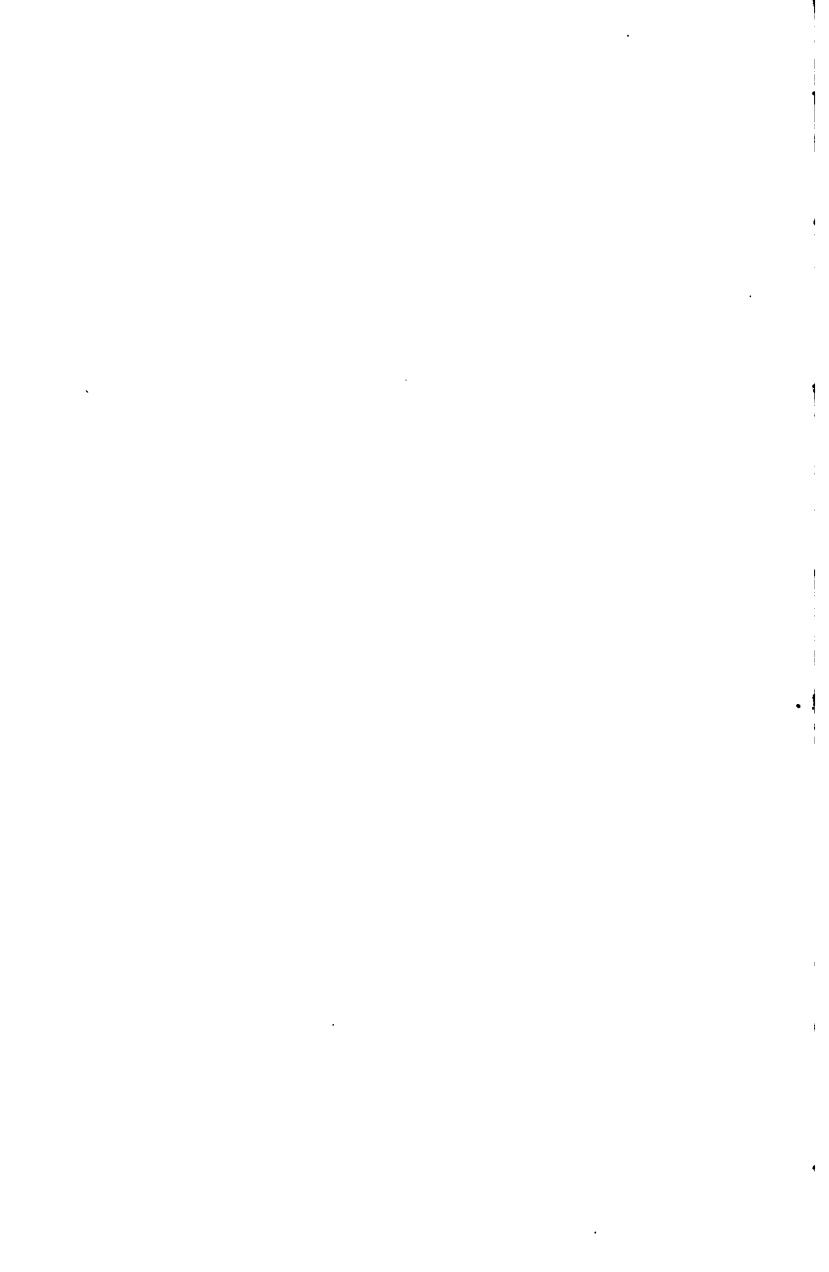
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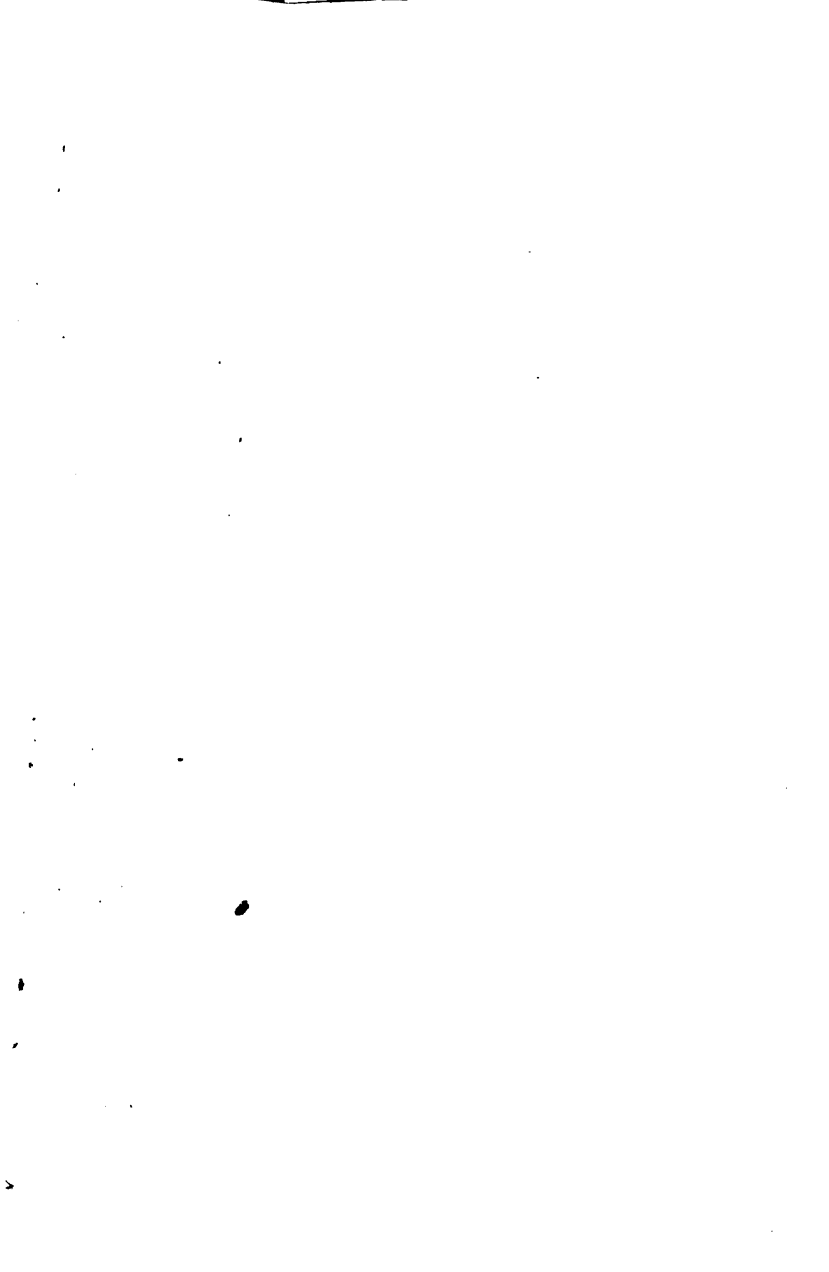


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**Alas!**  
**I am a Prussian**



*O judgment !  
Thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!*

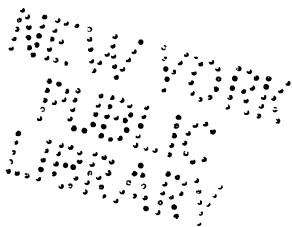
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**Alas!**  
**I am a Prussian**

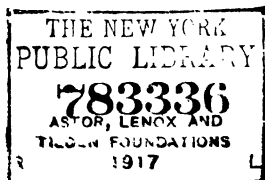
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OF A GERMAN  
IN AMERICA**

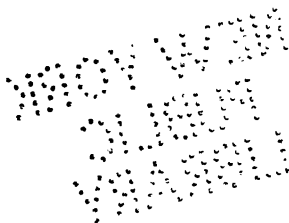


**J. A. J. TIBBALS  
NEW YORK  
M C M X V I**

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# Alas!

## I am a Prussian

---

I see about me naught but hatred,  
Scorn, distrust and fear.  
Where, yesterday, I held my head erect,  
Enjoying high esteem  
And conscious of my standing with mankind,  
To-day I turn it sadly from the throng.  
Beloved by none save them of my own blood,  
A blood now being freely shed, alas,  
With little credit to my native land.  
The finger of contempt is levelled straight  
At me, from every compass point,  
Because I am of those who send a thrill  
Each hour, of day and night,  
Throughout a mirthless world,  
At some new hideous act,  
Done for the sake of a decaying dynasty.



## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

And since, by accident of birth,  
I am of them who throttled Truth;  
Threw Honor to the swine,  
My every step betrays the tightening coil  
Of human execration to my soul,  
The narrowing circle within which I move.  
I cannot see a mother and her babe  
Without there coming to my blurring eyes  
The mirrored picture of the Innocents,  
Done to their death  
By Prussia's ruthless hand.  
In vain I dwell upon the wond'rous Fame  
That was my country's rightful heritage;  
So great on land, such gallantry at sea.  
First, always, when a dread catastrophe  
Demanded succor. For that, brave hearts  
Of that brave land were ever to be found.  
Her economic worth; her splendid rise  
Above all other nations in the care  
And conservation of the home;  
Her schools, than which none in the world

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

Had higher acclaim;  
In guarding Youth and, most of all,  
Those still of tender years,  
My country stood supreme.  
Contentment was the password of the land;  
Enlightenment the key to Prussia's soul.  
I dare not read her Fame of days gone by,  
For it doth make her Infamy the worse.  
The thrust at peaceful hearths  
From starry skies; those homes  
Already robbed of half their brood  
Through War's stern call—  
A war that Prussia made.  
For Prussia must needs, too, destroy  
The homes of those who,  
Through her treachery, were lost!  
Again, the furtive blow from watery depths,  
Defying God, destroying where He spared!  
Without a warning, like a Monstrous Thing,  
Engulfing those whose very helplessness  
Cause for their preservation

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Should have been.

Of such a nation am I forced to speak

As my own land.

The land my fathers loved.

Ah, surely, they—my forebears—

Never dreamed

That Prussia would retrace her steps,

Drop all advancement in a savage lust

To subjugate the world with brutish force.

I find that even Woman turns from me

As from a snake,

Unless the Prussian blood

Flows through her veins.

In that event she lacks the milk

Of human kindness of her sex,

For Prussia has destroyed

The glorious faith of Woman

In the chivalry of Man.

It is a dreadful thing to see the end

Of all the hopes the future held for me.

I dreamt of honor and awoke to shame

## Alas! I am a Prussian

And loathing, too,  
From those I held as friends,  
Myself I had not part in this affair  
Which both the Hemispheres has thus upset.  
I shudder at the thought of murder done  
In Heavenly name. It is a sacrilege  
Which, on the Judgment Day,  
Will be recalled.  
Yet am I scorned for what my brothers did,  
Detested for the knavery of my kin.  
An outcast among nations—that is mine!  
The fire of admiration that once glowed,  
Has now become  
Suspicion's smouldering pile.  
As mighty King, became a Peon low,  
So fell to earth great Prussia's mighty star.  
'Tis *uber alles*—Yes! Despair and Pain;  
Grim Death is on the ensign of my land.  
Of sympathy, alas, for me there's none,  
Since Prussia has not granted sympathy;  
Nor may I claim a confidence and trust

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

Where Prussia, like a wanton,  
Smothered both!  
Am I a scientist, no fame is mine;  
My science breeds but misery, they claim.  
A farmer? Even then am I denied;  
For Prussia's farms  
Raise soldiers, guns and shot.  
And do I print? My type is made to lie  
Most grievously about my enemies.  
No noble thought can possibly be mine,  
A dark design behind my every deed!  
As if the brand of Cain is on his brow,  
And, much like Macbeth,  
Him who murdered sleep,  
So shall the Prussians,  
Having murdered Faith,  
Enjoy the faith of fellow-men no more!  
In impotence my anger spends itself  
Against this world-wide hatred of my race.  
The word of Prussia has become a curse,  
Her influence a shrivelling, evil scourge.

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

And, when I would disguise my birth, I fail.  
My speech betrays me in whate'er I say,  
My broken words bespeak a broken pledge.  
Would that I could throw off  
The loathsome bonds  
That hold me to a foul, barbarian creed;  
Oh, that I could be born again—a Man;  
And not the puppet of a Pyrrhic Rogue!  
A fair day once there was of great renown;  
When Prussia's star, still high in the ascent,  
Shone o'er the universe like guiding light,  
Compelling admiration and applause.  
We needed not the seas except for trade,  
In which our genius made us powerful;  
The product of both brain and soil  
Spread wide upon a world  
That grasped it eagerly.  
Our men of science and our artisans,  
Acclaimed by all the greatest of their kind,  
Had bred a growing friendliness abroad;  
For us, great honor, born of honest toil.

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Between us and our cousins on the East  
A bond as of a brotherhood had come;  
And to the West  
Fair fields were tilled in peace  
By those whom we again could count  
Our friends.  
Proud Prussia had subscribed  
Her proud old name to treaties  
Pledging her sincerity  
In matters that applied to other lands,  
And found her word accepted without fear.  
Across the broad Atlantic, freedom's torch  
Did beckon to the Prussians.  
Even when the first of warlike rumblings  
Filled the air,  
These freemen were inclined to favor us.  
The Latins of the New World,  
Much impressed  
With great Germania's thrift,  
And drawn to us by strong commercial ties,  
Also did lean in sympathy

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

To Prussia and her cause.  
Then came the dreadful truth;  
The veil was snatched  
From Prussia's nobler side.  
Her teeth revealed the dripping fangs  
Hypocrisy did hide;  
Her gracious smile became a vicious leer.  
The inbred offspring of perverted thought,  
Her wretched, self-contained philosophy  
At last bore fruit, as from a poisoned vine,  
To devastate, to wither and to crush.  
A senseless sense of military due  
Changed normal men into a rapist horde;  
Their monumental fame as husbandmen  
Was dragged into the slimy pit of sin.  
Their two-score years of efforts  
Went for naught  
When once the master spoke.  
Ten million men strained at the leash,  
Like beagles at the hunt, and, for a word,  
Gave all they held most dear.



## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Those who did violate the sanctity of homes,  
In that first dash through alien land,  
Are gone their way—and paid the penalty;  
While on their children rests  
The blot they made.

A world's activity stilled by a pen  
Whose stroke with vicious frenzy  
Was affixed to a decree,  
Most sordid and most black,  
That set a price on falsehood and deceit.  
O'er fields that gave a promise of fair crops  
The Prussian blast spread ruin.  
Its glory lay in digging graves  
Where orchards once had bloomed;  
In planting Death  
Where Life had been supreme.  
The roar of cannon had not yet been heard  
When Prussia gave the evil word—  
To strike!

My noble Prussia made her first attack,  
May God forgive her, on the innocents,

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

The children, mothers and the aged folk,  
Roused from their slumbers,  
Dragged from vine-clad homes  
That held no vantage point  
Of martial worth,  
In cold blood butchered,  
With the swine and sheep.  
A Prussian warning of what was to come,  
An effort made to subjugate,  
Through fright; a bloody page,  
Writ in the Book of Time,  
That will, eternally, mark Prussia's doom!  
Of such I am, and as I gaze upon  
The murd'rous folly of my native land,  
I say,—Alas, I am a Prussian, too,  
Whose blood would stagnate  
Were it a holy cause.  
E'en here the brutal story does not end,  
Nor does it seem the limit may be reached  
In Prussia's fearful scheme of savag'ry.  
Her eager jaw is yearning for its prey.

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Not satiated with their lustful greed,  
Brave Prussians took the rôle  
Of highwaymen  
And made their wretched victims pay  
The toll in gold,  
As well as in the loss of kin.  
Those whom the Uhlans had passed by  
Or missed with their long lances  
And their trampling steeds,  
Were left to the Assassin's civil aide—  
The Governor—whose single aim it was  
To play, officially, the robber's part.  
No wonder that the whole world  
Stood aghast at this display  
Of wanton, brutish lust.  
Long have I seen the Light.  
Oh, that they, too, my brothers,  
Could have seen its guiding shaft  
Before a barb'rous master led them on  
To crush—or try to crush—a nobler race;  
For every race seems nobler than my own!

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

There would not then have come  
The harr'wing scenes that will, forever, blot  
My country's name;  
Cause it to be accursed as of a plague  
And leave the mark of Judas on her seal.  
In those forbidding days of Belgium's rape,  
When Honor, Truth and Justice,  
Thrown aside,  
Made way for carnage most unspeakable,  
The soldier's gallant call to arms became  
The huntsman's cry to his inhuman pack.  
It was a drive!  
Yea, 'twas a glorious drive!  
The Prussian master's pulse  
Must have beat fast!  
Here was a drive  
Most worthy of the name of Prussia!  
True, in the place of rushing boars,  
The noble Prussian hunters had but babes  
At breast, or in their tiny cradle beds,  
To match their strength, their skill,

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

Their valor with! It was a novelty;  
And who but he of Prussian blood  
Would better like the change?  
'Twas a distorted view of things mundane  
That brought about this world catastrophe.  
In Prussia's charges are disclosed her faults;  
Her secrets and conspiracies are bared  
In every accusation that is hurled,  
With growing fury, at a fancied foe.  
That others meant to rule the world  
Was crazed and maddened Prussia's wail.  
Yet did she fail completely to make note  
Of her own stealthy working to that end.  
She was the first—and, thank Almighty God,  
She was the only one—to turn her sword  
Against the helpless and the innocent;  
Yet did she charge her enemies  
With that crime.  
The ostrich on the desert, as it hides  
Its head beneath the sands,  
Is no more blind and no more deaf

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Than Prussia,  
Which has failed to see the warning signs  
Or hear the cries  
Of universal protest and dismay.  
It is a strange anomaly that gives  
To this sad tragedy a roseate tint  
In that the Prussian thrift  
Has shown itself e'en on the battlefield  
In conquered land, where Mars holds sway  
On one side of the line;  
And Ceres, ever peaceful,  
Guards her fields on th'other side,  
From war god's blighting touch.  
But of what use this economic skill,  
This thrift, this aptitude for mastery,  
When all is to be lost through disregard  
Of what is Just and Right and what is not.  
From boyhood I was taught most zealously  
Ancestral glory lay in martial strength.  
The field of honor was to me my life  
For was not Prussia's creed

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

On honor based?

And when I feel secure within my pride  
Of race; when happily I wander forth  
And say, "Thank God, I am of Honor born,  
In Honor bred!" I find I did but dream.  
If Honor means to murder and to loot,  
Then, surely, I am of an honored race;  
If Honor means to disavow a pledge,  
Forsake all laws which,  
Made in compact grave  
Between the nations for the common good,  
Had stood as bars against a cov'tous host;  
If Honor means to massacre most foul  
For massacre's own sake,  
Then Honor's mine!  
Those of my learned compatriots who hold  
That, of all nations,  
Providence did choose our kin  
To lead the world,  
They, also, use the cloak of Honor  
As their country's shield.

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Perversion has not drawn the line  
Between the ranks in Thought.  
Both pedagogue and knight,  
If they be Prussian,  
Then oblique their views,  
Distorted are their pleas in self-defense.  
It is their claim this war is being fought  
To make the world more civilized  
And chaste. As if the bloody sacrifice  
That marked the Crime of Belgium  
Had not chastened all!  
"Revenge is sweet!" to Prussia appealed;  
A thwarted plan made it much sweeter still.  
And with impartial hand the punishment  
Was meted out to Youth and Age alike.  
One could believe a blunder had been made  
By over-zealous soldiers. For the word  
To "Spare none found with arms  
Or found in arms"  
It seems was taken in its lit'ral sense.  
And babes have arms.



## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

And none of them was spared.  
And babes were found *in* arms,  
At gentle breasts that tried to shield,  
Only to feel the lance.  
It was, indeed, a vict'ry bravely won!  
My heart grows faint as I compare  
The briefs of the opposing camps.  
Our enemies adhering strictly  
To the rules of war.  
Then comes, in deadly parallel,  
From Kentish coast,  
Of Zeppelins marauding through the night,  
Dropping their bombs,  
Like sneaking murderers,  
Upon a cottage where but women dwell.  
The valiant deeds that, for a time, upheld  
The best traditions of our sailormen  
When, with their tiny craft  
They scoured the seas in hopeless cause,  
Were swept away by one torpedo  
Levelled at a helpless ship!

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

As if this in itself were not enough,  
The masters feel they must perpetuate  
The infamy by driving from their homes  
Those who had not offended Prussian rule  
But in whose slavery brutal profits lay.  
Thousands of alien wives and mothers, too,  
And girls of tender years,  
Left in their homes  
From which the husbands and the sons  
Had gone to do or else to die,  
Were sent into a hated land  
To till a hated soil and—worse!  
All protest, all appeal  
To Prussian gallantry was like the rag  
Which, flaunted at the bull,  
Brings on the charge.  
The master's voice stood out  
In grim relief against the humane pleas  
A sicken'ed world  
Directed at the throne.  
They might as well have grasped the blade

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Of the assassin's knife.

The wilful murder of a woman nurse  
And of a seaman bold, who had defied  
The master's rule not to defend his own,  
Were merely incidents in Prussia's war.

A war for what?

And what, in Heaven's name,  
Can come of it?

My country ruined in wealth,  
In spirit and in all it held so dear.  
Her honor gone, no matter what the end.

Although, in miles,

The nation may survive,

Her moral measurement will be decreased,  
Her degradation as a Power complete.

Accepting, as an ally of her own,

The foe unspeakable of all that's pure,

Was but another downward step. By it

The Turk and Teuton made a common cause,  
Uplifting License and ennobling Vice.

The magic words, in threes,

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

That found their place  
Upon a myriad articles abroad,  
Show'ing whence they came,  
Which same was my proud land,  
Will pass into oblivion.  
They were the words  
That stood for genius and for skill.  
To-day they bring a shudder of revolt;  
For "Made in Germany" stands also for  
The bloody massacre of human prey!  
What of Der Tag,  
When final reck'ning comes?  
Not 'neath the spurs  
Of blustering martinet,  
His satellites and slaves,  
But on our knees  
Before the High Tribunal of our Lord.  
What of that day?  
Must Prussians all appear  
As supplicants for pardon for a crime  
That but an evil few did perpetrate?

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

Must every Prussian pay the penalty  
Because a few did sin? Within my soul  
I held no grudge, no wanton wish.  
I carried neither lance nor sabre bared.  
I would not harm a man,  
Much less a child in arms.  
None thus could force my hand to make  
That hand do wrong did I not so elect.  
Yet am I shunned as if I were of them  
Who actually did rob and massacre  
The weak and helpless or, at night,  
Sent down from darkened skies,  
In semblance of a bolt from Heaven,  
The treacherous bomb on slumb'ring homes.  
It was not just that I should thus be cursed  
For that which I would not  
Nor could have done.  
No more I say, "Thank God I am"—instead:  
"Alas, I am a Prussian, woe is me!  
"No longer of the honored but the damned!"  
It is an idle wish that I might dash

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

The cloak of Prussianism from me, far  
Into the fire of Tartarus. I would  
Forget that once I was of that elect.  
Alas, no matter what I do or say,  
The vivid brand remains indelible;  
For human agency, not having done,  
Cannot undo the stain. Were I to stand  
On mountain-top and there to all proclaim  
Adherence to an alien land and rule,  
I would be taxed with calling, secretly,  
To others of my breed to join with me  
In doing my adopted country harm.  
Should I denounce Barbarity and call  
On Heaven to witness of my good intent,  
That would be simulation and deceit.  
And do I covenant in the affairs  
That occupy my time,  
There comes the fear of those  
Who, having gained my pledged word,  
And learning my descent, profess to think  
A Prussian's contract isn't worth the ink!

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

And, through it all, misguided patriots  
Striving, with inverted zeal, to dull  
The slumbering friendship  
That might still be ours!  
Perhaps a new atrocity, done in  
The name of our beloved Fatherland,  
Three thousand miles from where I am,  
Or yet again a blundering diplomat  
New clouds will bring into a clearing sky.  
In either case it is as if the blame,  
The censure—all reproach,  
Should rest on me  
Because, alas, I am a Prussian, too!  
Oh, that I might, as did Laocoon,  
Who tried to save the Trojans—  
Though in vain,  
Since they his warning spurn'd—  
That I might save the country of my birth  
From being crushed  
While listening to false prophets  
And their creed.

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

My land is outlawed and it will be so  
For many decades yet. The heavy odds  
Imposed on her cannot be overcome  
By lachrymose philosophers who dwell  
On her invincibility,  
While all the forces  
Of a really civilized world  
Are slowly grinding out her very life!  
The matchless strength  
That held the en'my off;  
That brought huge armies  
To retreat and flight;  
And then maintained its own  
Although refused assistance from without,  
Is bound to break.  
No strength can match a universal hate,  
No armed array perpetuate a wrong;  
Nor skill nor science can they well expect  
Forever to defy a righteous cause.  
There comes a time when honeyed words  
Shall fail to satisfy a people



## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

Who, for truth, are ill-prepared;  
When all the reasoning  
Illustrious men of letters may provide,  
Shall not avail against the potent thrust  
Of a united enmity; when end  
Shall come to a condition that presents  
A tale of plenty and a card for bread;  
An empty larder, while the learn'd talk on!  
There is no candle, be it e'er so bright,  
But will burn down.  
There is no racing steed, however staunch,  
But will at last go lame.  
Iniquity may flourish for a time  
As flourish weeds,  
Until the gardener comes.  
But in its proper time  
Right shall best Wrong,  
Destroy its hideous influence and pow'r,  
Silence the tongues that spread deceit;  
Bring Truth where Falsehood had usurped  
Her honored place

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

And let the bees draw honey  
Where the guns have sown their shells,  
For Peace to grow again.  
I am for Right, which Prussia has denied;  
For Justice, too, which Prussia cannot see.  
I fain would thus renounce my birth  
And claim protection of a land  
That honors both.  
But here the curse of my descent steps in  
Like shadowy ghost appearing in the night  
To stay the hand uplifted for the blow.  
I may renounce my birth  
But, to the world, alas,  
A Prussian I must needs remain.  
Misguided men  
Who fancied that they served the cause  
Of a misguided Fatherland  
And, doing so, turned traitors  
To the land that gave them shelter  
And the means to live,  
To foster this distrust have done their part.

## Alas! I am a Prussian

---

'Tis Time—and Time alone—  
That can efface the blot from Prussian souls;  
And only then provided Mars is vanquished  
And his place, in Prussia,  
Taken by a gentler god.  
In France,  
Each empty sleeve and halting step  
Tell of a deed done in a worthy cause;  
In Prussia,  
They are brands of Shame, Deceit.  
Both are the marks of Fate which,  
On the one, denote the Man;  
Upon the other one, the Knave.  
The call for vengeance can be heard  
Throughout the world.  
Each blossoming flower on the graves  
Of all the millions that have gone,  
Sends forth the seed of Hate.  
Each forest tree its moan for punishment.  
The ancients knew no strife  
More bitter than the struggle

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

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That has come upon us now,  
And which we must endure long after  
Cannon shall have ceased to roar.  
Distrust and Fear,  
Against our will, holds fast  
The gentler promptings of our hearts.  
'Gainst war, howe'er remote,  
The plans in every land replace  
Those for a universal Peace.  
With reason or without,  
We see in friends but lurking enemies.  
Our Faith is gone.  
As men have changed their views,  
So, too, the lands.  
Instead of dunes with huts and cottages,  
The coasts must be secured  
With battlements and mortars grim  
Against a treach'rous foe.  
No longer may the tracks of steel  
Provide for commerce, in the main.  
For troops and guns

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

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These arteries of trade shall henceforth be.  
To weld an Iron Ring,  
That was to hold all nations,  
By the grace of Prussia's might  
Permitted to retain their sovereignty,  
Was Prussia's aim.

There cannot be a doubt the Ring is there  
In all its rigid strength;  
But alien hands, alas, the welding did.  
Our enemies that gather'd,  
Like the clouds in angry skies,  
The circle did complete.  
Theirs the achievement  
Of what we conceived.  
Each new antagonist adds to this band  
Of steel:  
Widens the moat that separates  
The Prussian from the world.  
I am of them, who, far from home,  
Like straying sheep do call the shepherd  
But in vain.

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

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For, in his lust for Power and Blood,  
He has destroyed himself.  
We cannot pray to God  
And do a wrong to them  
That stand quite equal in His love.  
'Tis blasphemy to call on Him for aid  
In spreading Death and Pestilence  
'Mongst those who are His own.  
Yet both were done  
In Prussia's fearsome name.  
The piteous cries  
From murder'ed infants' lips,  
Neath plangent wave,  
And from the butchered innocents who lay  
Beneath the shot-swept remnants  
Of their homes,  
Made Prussia's prayer  
The hideous thing it was and is,  
And e'er must be, till end of Time.  
For those in my fair land  
Who long for Peace,

## Alas! I am a Prussian

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Whose lives were never marred by enmity,  
Who felt Oppressor's martial rule at home  
As keenly as opponents did abroad;  
For them I speak, not for the martinet.  
Theirs are the pleas that should be heard  
By him who holds their destinies  
In sacred trust;  
Then used them as his pawns.  
If in his soul no conscience finds its way  
To end the deeds so damnable,  
That have outraged a world,  
If touch of pity to him does not come,  
Then let the suffering of his own  
Call halt on his unbridled passion.  
The defeat,  
Now crushing swiftly to its certain goal,  
Shall not be less complete  
If he denies that call.  
A country blighted, through his act,  
Though free from alien host,  
No haven gives to him who,

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

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At the end of evil sway,  
Reading the signs,  
The sicken'd monk would play!  
Within, as well as from without,  
Shall come the penalty.  
No mother, weeping, crushed,  
Can well forgive him for her needless loss;  
The coming generation, taking note  
Of all the misery and pain he caused,  
Will curse his memory as of a fiend  
Who plunged a nation wantonly in ruin.  
Defeat, and it is sure, for him who cast  
The die, his downfall not alone  
Will bring about,  
But drag his country down as well.  
The hand of Fate  
Writes clearly on the wall of History.  
He who believed himself above the law,  
Into its mesh shall fall  
And find a Majesty above his own.  
That which he, ruthlessly,

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## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

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Would have imposed upon a world,  
Shall be imposed on him.  
As, whence it came,  
The homing bird returns,  
So shall the crimes,  
For which he sponsor stood,  
Come back to Prussia with relentless force.  
A calm may seemingly prevail  
When guns shall cease to roar.  
Again may men resume  
The tilling of the soil;  
The sun may shine on Prussian fields.  
Yet shall the breath of Hate  
Blow from the East, and West,  
And from the South.  
Since those of my own breed  
I know full well;  
Their aims, their hidden plans,  
Their real design,  
A danger warning I would sound to all  
The freemen of this land of liberty.

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

A storm is coming;  
And the Prussian host,  
To Freedom's soil transplanted,  
Through the years,  
With slow, insidious steps,  
Is reaching out towards the prize!  
I know whereof I speak  
When solemnly I say that,  
As the dawn will surely break,  
So, on a given day,  
A hostile clan of matchless strength,  
Will rise like toadstools  
In the woodland, silently,  
To overpow'r those true to Freedom's flag.  
The unseen millions now encamped in homes  
Engaged in innocent pursuits,  
Will come into the open and disclose,  
With terrifying force that which did tax  
The patience e'en of Prussia to evolve.  
Are all the signs lost upon them  
Who'd save their land from treachery?

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

---

Can they not see the cloak  
Of seeming loyalty and friendship drop?  
Usurping of political control  
Is but another step along the road  
To Prussia's goal.  
Within this unarmed land an army lurks,  
Unseen, that would appal them who believe  
That, in his New World home,  
The Prussian is content to live in Peace!  
Alas, 'tis but too true  
The Prussian fights with unclean hands.  
The horror of the charge  
That captured foe infected were  
To make a scourge, far worse than war,  
The aftermath of this ignoble strife,  
Still freshly lies in human minds and hearts.  
A foe who stops not at such loathsome deeds  
Will stop at naught. Hence, safety  
For this great, free nation rests  
Upon the crushing of the Prussian boar  
Before his tusks reach out across the sea.

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

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May cruel hand be palsied, brain benumbed,  
Before another treacherous blow is struck  
For Greed.

May dire catastrophe befall  
The brutal master of the human hounds  
Before he dares again to prostitute  
Humanity. May Peace on Earth prevail,  
Replacing martial rule in my poor land;  
And may the Crime of Belgium  
Which, in fact, is Prussia's,  
Be avenged through him  
Whose soul gave willing ear,  
Whose tongue gave quick assent  
To that unholy and ill-favoured plan.  
A reckoning with the master mind, alone,  
Will purge the hapless Prussians  
Of their sin.

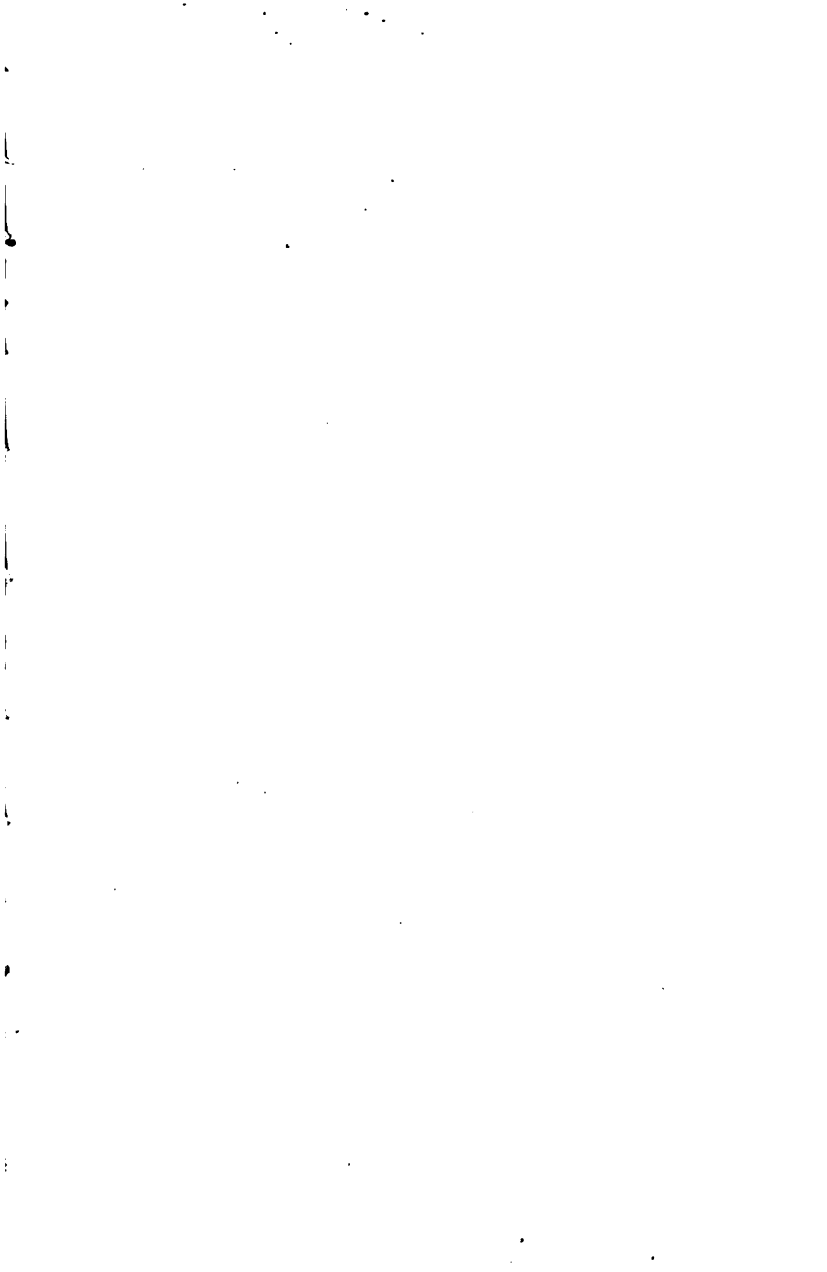
He, and the lesser minds who hung about  
His sword, like parasites and barnacles  
About a sinking ship,  
Have run their course.

## **Alas! I am a Prussian**

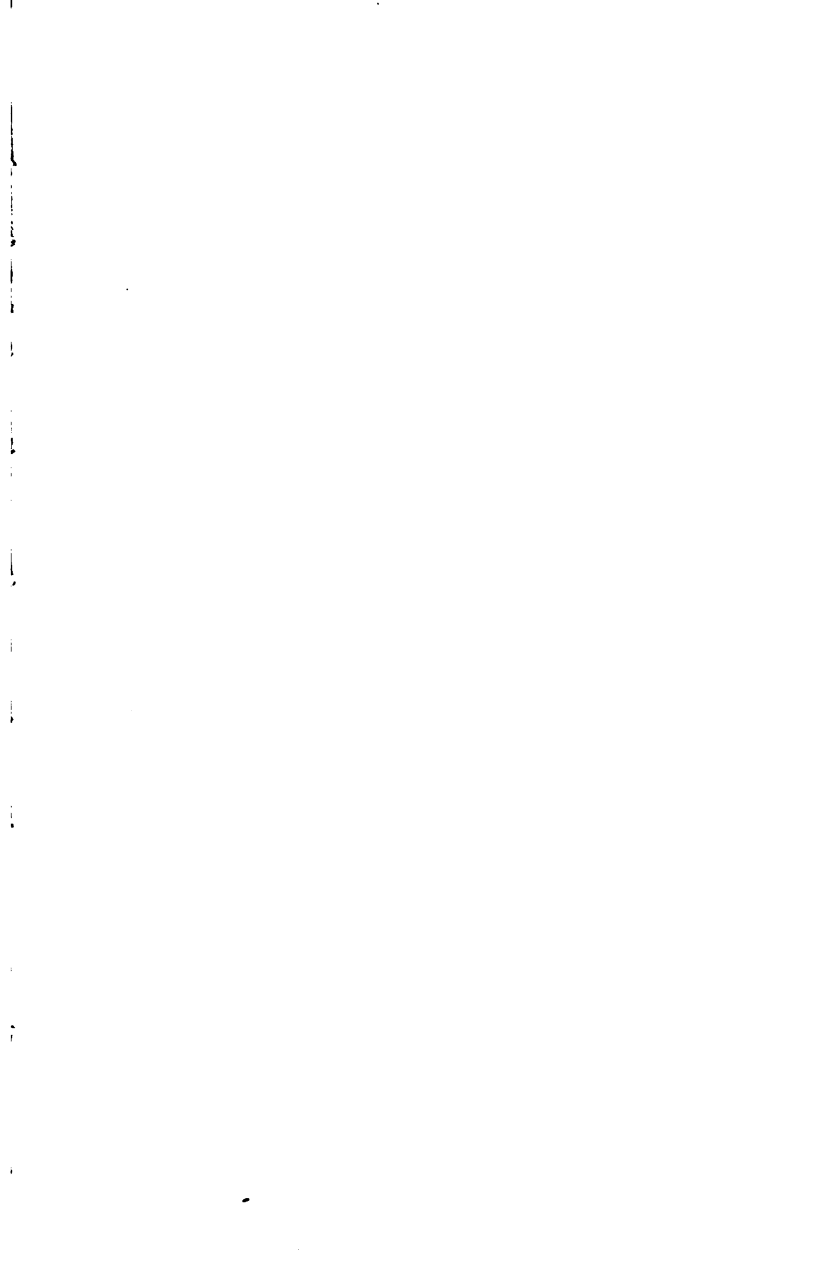
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No quarter did they give,  
None is their due.  
They staked their country's welfare  
On the chance  
Of placing their foul tentacles  
Upon unwilling lands—and lost!  
And as the price the crooked gamester,  
Losing, pays is Scorn, Derision, Death—  
So let it be with them  
Who stole, who played, who lost,  
In one fell throw,  
The Honor of my poor, unhappy land!

**F i n i s .**



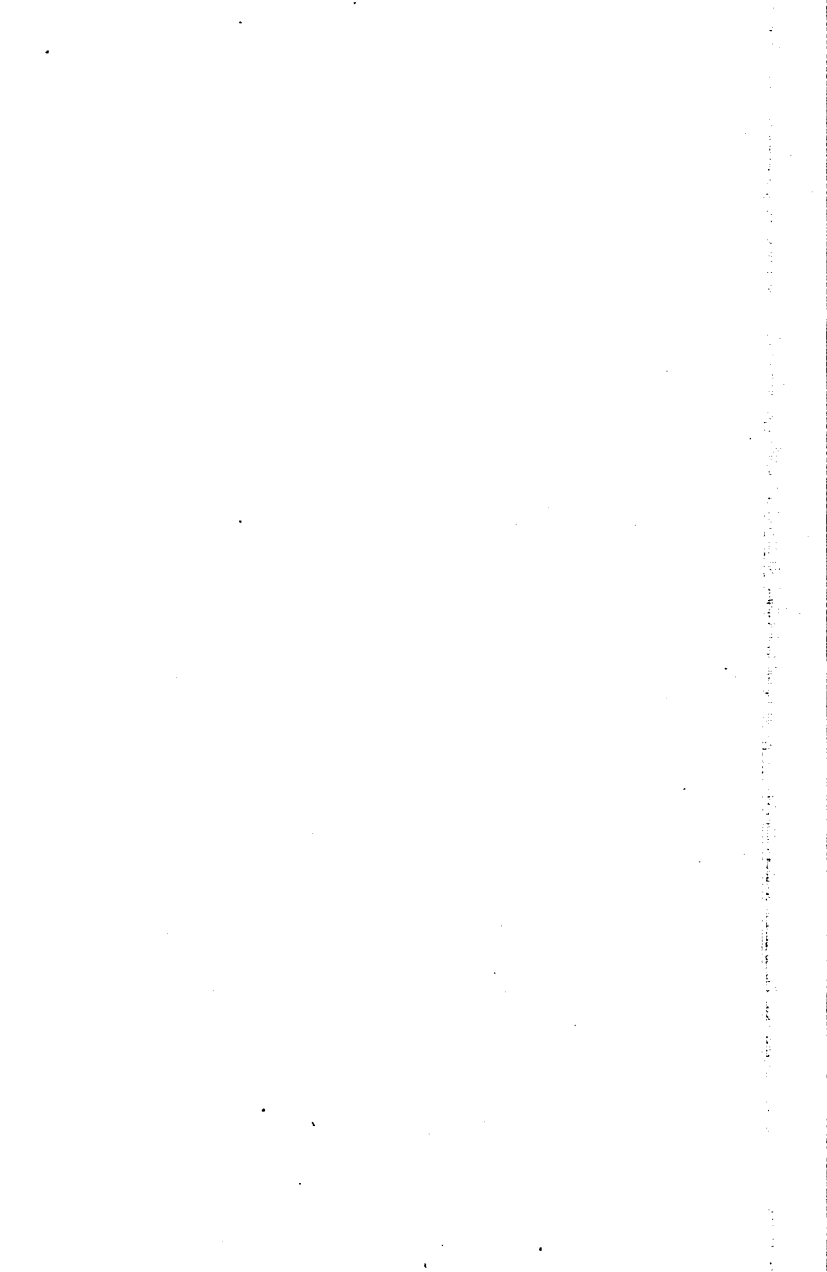
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